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'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

If you have been reading this column—and I hope you have; I mean I genuinely hope so; I mean it does not profit me one penny whether you read this column or not; I mean I am paid every week by the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes and my emolument is not affected in any way by the number of people who read or fail to read this column—an act of generosity perfectly characteristic of the makers of Marlboro, you would say if you knew them as I do; I mean here are tobaccoists gray at the temples and full of honors who approach their art as eagerly, as dewy-eyed as the youngest of practitioners; I mean the purpose of the Marlboro makers is simply to put the best of all possible filters behind the best of all possible tobaccos and then go, heads high, into the market place with their wares, confident that the inborn sense of right and wrong, of good and bad, of worthy and unworthy, which is the natural instinct of every American, will result in a modest return to themselves for their long hours and dedicated labors—not, let me hasten to add, that money is of first importance to the makers of Marlboro; all these simple men require is plain, wholesome food, plenty of Marlboros, and the knowledge that they have scattered a bit of sunshine into the lives of smokers everywhere; if, I say, you have been reading this column, you may remember that last week we started to discuss Christmas gifts.



Do you know someone who is interested in American history?

We agreed, of course, to give cartons of Marlboro to all our friends and also to as many total strangers as possible. Today let us look into some other welcome gifts.

Do you know someone who is interested in American history? If so, he will surely appreciate a statuette of Millard Fillmore with a clock in the stomach. (Mr. Fillmore, incidentally, was the only American president with a clock in the stomach. James K. Polk had a stem-winder in his head, and William Henry Harrison chimed the quarter-hour, but only Mr. Fillmore, of all our chief executives, had a clock in the stomach. Franklin Pierce had a sweep second hand and Zachary Taylor had seventeen jewels, but, I repeat, Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Fillmore alone had a clock in the stomach. Some say that Mr. Fillmore was also the first president with power steering, but most historians assign this distinction to Chester A. Arthur. However, it has been established beyond doubt that Mr. Fillmore was the first president with a thermostat. Small wonder they called him Old Hickory!)

But I digress. To get back to welcome and unusual Christmas gifts, here's one that's sure to please—a gift certificate from the American Chiropractic Society. Accompanying each certificate is this winsome little poem:

*Merry Christmas, Happy New Year,
Joyous sacro-iliac!
May your spine forever shine,
Blessings on your aching back.
May your lumbar ne'er grow number,
May your backbone ne'er dislodge,
May your caudal never dawdle,
Joyeux Noel! Heurtez massage!*

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The makers of Marlboro, who take pleasure in bringing you this column throughout the school year, would like to join with Old Max in extending greetings of the season.